

SOLDIERS IN TEARS AT MAJOR'S DEATH

"Follow Me, Boys," Cried Viscount's Son As He Led Charge Against the Germans.

KAISER'S MEN ARE CUNNING

Snipers Get Behind English Lines in Garb of Civilians and British Officers.

London. (By Mail).—How Major the Hon. Hugh Dawnay, D. S. O., of the Second Life Guards, younger son of Maj. Gen. Viscount Downe of Dingley Hall, Market Harborough and Wykeham Abbey, met his death in action in the region of Ypres, is narrated by Corporal J. Jennings of Tadcaster, a household cavalryman, now on leave. It is not only a tale of valor, but is an example of how the British officers are loved and respected by their men.

"We were at Zillebeke, about three miles from Ypres," said the Corporal, "and the order was given for 200 of us to storm several farmhouses situated on a ridge, in the hands of the Germans. We could not advance under cover and had to expose ourselves to rifle and shell fire. Still, not a man wavered. Maj. Dawnay, a great favorite with all of us, led the charge. We gave one great cheer, and with a 'Follow me, boys, and grip tight!' from the Major, we leaped after him. All the way Maj. Dawnay was in the forefront, and he was the first to reach the farmhouses, 300 yards distant. We took two of them. At the third Maj. Dawnay met his death. He was in the yard of the farm house, patting on the back a man who was bowling over scuttling Germans like ninepins.

"Good boy!" shouted the Major, who then turned and thrust his revolver through the lower window of the farm house. He was immediately riddled with bullets from within and collapsed. When we realized that he was dead, a number of us wept. If you knew how we all loved that man you would have understood. We would willingly have died for him."

Lieut. C. C. Thompson, serving with the Second Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, wires to his old headmaster at Handsworth Grammar School:

"The chief feature about everything here is how ordinary it all gets. You walk along a road; a stray bullet drops in the road at your feet; you just walk on. You go up to a trench, and the next man to you gets shot through the lung. He is calmly bandaged up and walks himself to the stretcher bearers. The awful feeling of seeing a man shot has worn off, and all you think is 'Plucky devil!'"

"The cunning of the Germans is almost devilish. Their snipers get behind our lines even, often dressed as civilians, and snipe at us going up to the trenches. Their spies dress as British officers and prow about inside our lines."

The common belief that water is stored in the camel's extra hump, is based on the general knowledge that he can go a very long time without either food or drink. This is because the camel is native to the desert; in two respects it is fitted for work on the desert; its feet are webbed and expansive so that it travels easily on loose sand. It can contract its nostrils so that it can breathe in a sand-storm which often is fatal to human beings and all other animals. But the hump is not water; it is fat. The camel is disagreeable, quarrelsome, complaining and vindictive. He has two humps and the dromedary has only one hump.

CHICAGO CHILDREN NOT LONG OUT OF NURSERY RUN AWAY AND GET MARRIED



Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. L. Jones.

Philip Hone Leroy Jones has returned to Chicago with young Mrs. Margaret Forrester Andrew-Jones to find out what his parents—and hers—think of their runaway marriage. Philip is sixteen, his bride seventeen. Their relatives, who are wealthy, smilingly consented to an "engagement," but frowned when Philip insisted on a speedy marriage. So Philip and Margaret ran away to Tennessee, where age isn't considered such an important matter in affairs of the heart, and were wed.

BEACHEY'S TRAGIC END DUE TO FAILURE TO KEEP A PROMISE MADE TO HIMSELF



Lincoln Beachey.

The tragic death of Lincoln Beachey, the aviator, in San Francisco last Sunday recalls a promise which he made to himself less than two years ago. "Fear has driven me from the skies for all time," he said then. "Not fear of my own death or the dread of bodily injury, but the blame and remorse for the death of brother aviators who went crashing into eternity trying to 'out-Beachey-Beachey.' I have quit as pacemaker for death."

First British Paper.
Courant, issued in London, March 11, 1702, by E. Mallet. It was a single page of two columns and professed to give only foreign news. The editor, or publisher, assured his readers that he could not take upon himself to give any comments of his own, "supposing other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves." The Daily Courant was in 1735 absorbed in the Daily Gazetteer.

Origin of Sparkling Wine.
Sparkling wine originated in the champagne district in France. It was invented by a French monk, Dom Perignon, at the end of the seventeenth century. At first the quantity bottled was very limited and increased slowly. A great impetus was given to it by the wars of 1812-1815, when the invading armies carried the fame of the champagne wines all over Europe.

Dangerous Ornamentation.
The stuffed tiger head finds its victims all over the world. Prince Hans of Denmark, Queen Alexandra's uncle, fell over one in the King of Denmark's palace and hurt himself badly.

Hardy Rubbing Post.
Rubbing posts for cattle, made of whales' jaws, are to be seen in the village of Hamsker, in England, and represent the whale trade formerly carried on at that place. They stand 12 feet or so above the ground.

Glimpses of Married Life

"It was a jolly evening, wasn't it?" "It certainly was. We are in a mighty pleasant group of people," assented Dick, as they were returning home from a card party at Dr. Ellison's through the dark streets.

"Wait a minute, Dick; I've lost my rubber." Dick was preceding her over the muddy crossing. He came back and used his pocket flashlight to locate the missing article.

"Why in the world don't they put in lights? It's barbarous to go about in the dark this way," grumbled Nell.

"I believe the council voted lights at the last meeting; we'll get them in a year or so," laughed Dick. "There's some speed here."

"How do you like Mrs. Ellison?" he asked as they prepared for bed.

"Not as well as the doctor; he is a treasure in a place like this."

"Yes," answered Dick, "he was the life of the crowd. I tried to talk to Mrs. Ellison, but soon gave it up. A person has to work his passage if he knows her. I wondered if she was more friendly with the women."

"No, she is not popular with them. They say she is very jealous of the doctor." Nell was watching the effect of her remarks on Dick, as she looked in the glass.

"Now, Nell, none of that. You are qualifying as a member of village society early. For goodness sake don't gossip. I can stand anything but gossip and nagging. I was brought up on nagging. That gets on my nerves. I wasn't brought up on gossip, so I can't stand that."

"How logical you are," laughed

ROBBED WHILE HE MADE LOVE.

Berlin Merchant Victimized Through a Too Agreeable Caller.

Berlin is amused these days over the queer love adventure of a retired merchant living on the Muhlenstrasse. He has a grown up daughter who keeps house for him, and when she went on a holiday visit to relatives in another city she left a very large vacancy in his heart and home. He was particularly blue on New Year's eve when a knock came to the door of his apartment and a very attractive looking young woman asked for his daughter. He explained that she was away.

The visitor was disappointed almost to tears. She was an old school friend she explained and was visiting Berlin. One of the things which she had most looked forward to was the meeting with her chum.

The father grasped at the chance of a little companionship. He asked the young lady to come in and rest. Then he made tea for her.

She steered the chat along such lines that he ventured to ask her to visit a vaudeville theatre with him, and she accepted. He found her so good humored and amusing that he was deeply smitten before he left her at the door of a house where she said she was stopping.

When he opened the door of his apartment, on reaching home, a chilly blast struck him in the face. One of the windows was wide open. The shutters showed the marks of a

Tells of Wild Ride Over African Road

London. —A member of the British forces which have been engaged in East Africa gives the following sprightly account of his experiences in a letter home:

"On the Gazi road, thirty miles from the German border: We are still all safe here. Some days ago authentic information came through from Mombassa that 250 German troops had invaded British East Africa, some sixty miles from Mombassa, and at a point (Vanga) where there was only Captain Rodwell and seven natives. Volunteers were called for to ride to Vanga, and subsequently to patrol the road.

"Now the road is one of the vilest paths possible to imagine. In one place, some seven miles in length, the sand is from eight to nine inches in thickness, in others the road has been dug out at the side and thrown up in the middle to a varying height of eight to ten feet, and only thirteen inches wide. In other sections it winds through eight or nine feet high elephant grass, a narrow, winding little footpath, which one finds only through the damage done to the grass blades and stalks through negroes passing through, then over swamps galore, wading through small, slimy streams, reeking with malaria, through long stretches of mud, which clogs one's boots and bicycle, and finally over huge extents (five or six miles) of mangrove swamps and wonderful African jungle, great ferns, cactus, creepers and impenetrable scrub.

"They bought the bike, gave it to me, and I went through in the dead of the night.

"There were no maps pre-arranged, and the path had more or less to be guessed at twenty miles out in the bush. Whilst traveling fairly fast in motor bike fell into a hole, which it was impossible in the darkness to see. The new moon only lasted about two hours, and had sunk below the horizon long before. The bike flew one way and I the other. I landed on some bullets which were in my breast pockets, and knocked myself senseless for half an hour. Two miles from Gazi I again

performed the same acrobatic feat. This time I lay in the road for three hours.

"The dew was appalling, and water had worked into the magnets and carburetor, making the motor bike useless for some time to come. At day-break I left the machine in a hut and marched for six and a half hours. I arrived at Thammani more dead than alive. On the way I met a gang of thirty big monkeys. We passed each other with mutual respect. Then I came on four armed negroes with spears and hatchets. They were on our side, so I didn't fire. At Timoni I took a show and anchored at Gazi two and a half hours afterward.

Low Wages in Belgium.
Belgium is a land of low wages. In Ghent the minimum pay an hour for printers, roofers, glaziers, painters and boiler-makers is 7 cents—70 cents for 10 hours' work—and of blacksmiths, locksmiths, carpenters, masons, plumbers and electricians 8 cents.

BRING US YOUR OLD TIRES
From (2) old tires we make one double tread tire, which we guarantee. WILL outwear any new tire. We are the original double tread M.F.S. so don't be misled. Send for circular.
Auto Tire Exchange,
90 Larned St. and 237 E. Jefferson Ave.,
Phone Cadillac 2424
Detroit, Mich.

PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS Etc.
OWEN, OWEN & CRAMPTON
912-916 Nicholas Bldg. Both Phones

Empire BURLESQUE

TOLEDO, O.
Prettiest Girls and Newest Ideas. If you want a fine time come any afternoon or evening. The only burlesque house in town and best shows.
LADIES' MATINEES DAILY

When in Toledo, Make Your Headquarters at
The Jefferson Hotel
Meals 50c.
Extra Fine Sunday Dinner



MY GLASSES FIT

Fine Glasses, Nickel Frames.....\$1.00
Gold Filled Spectacles.....1.50
New Style Eye Glasses.....2.50
Solid Gold Glasses.....6.75
Krystoke's all complete.....9.98

RICABY, CUT-RATE OPTICIAN,
Room 313 Valentine Bldg.
14 years in Toledo.

3 Regular 30c Steel Mantle Burners for 45c

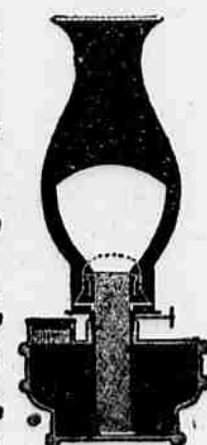
SPECIAL OFFER

3 Steel Mantle Burners for 45c

If You Send in the COUPON Below—with the names of two possible users of STEEL MANTLE BURNERS.

SEND IN THIS COUPON
together with 45c and two names. Good for 3 Steel Mantle Burners Same burner we have been selling for 30c ea.

Name _____
Address _____
Name _____
Address _____



Gives a Clear White Light
[Odorless]

ONE STEEL MANTLE BURNER GIVES AS MUCH LIGHT AS 3 COMMON BURNERS

REASON WHY
It converts Kerosene Oil into GAS and BURNS the Gas.

Our Guarantee
Your Money Back If You Want It.

In Cash, Stamps or Money Order

No. 1 Burner uses 3/4-inch wick.
No. 2 Burner uses 1-inch wick.
Specify Size Wanted.

WRITE TODAY

Chapman Mfg. Co.

335 Erie Street
TOLEDO, OHIO

TRY THE TEST OF TASTE
YOU WILL FIND
SAN MARTO COFFEE
Delightfully different from other kinds. Your grocer sells it at 30c the lb.